

SOME FAMOUS BACHELORS

Why Thirteen Great Men Failed to Marry.

SCIENTISTS AND STATESMEN

Shattered Ideals and Maternal Influence Kept Many in the Single State.

The genuine misogynist is a rare bird. In the longest list of famous men who have studiously avoided women and their rites, all have cherished and enjoyed a strong feminine influence in their lives and were in no sense women haters. Perhaps the only modern instance of a man's desisting from marriage because of an openly indicated dislike of women is Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet. Naturally of a very retiring nature, and reserved to coldness, he has pointedly avoided women wherever he could, and though exceedingly warm and faithful in his friendships with men, for few women has he shown the smallest admiration or understanding.

Any one of the weaker sex, whose mind is cultivated beyond the limits set by old-fashioned prejudice is, in his eyes, the most unattractive of his kind, and even the wives of his best friends he rather avoids, while the one historical woman of whom he has written, poor Mary of Scotland, has suffered bitter criticism at his hands. Undoubtedly his sore affliction of



Sir Isaac Newton, Bachelorette.

chronic nervousness has done much to confirm him in his sour bachelorhood, as well as his preference for the quietest country life, spent chiefly in his paternal home near Hensley-on-the-Thames. Here he dwells in some solitary grandeur, and though so fearful and scornful of women, he was in his youth pronounced by his complete female critics to be attractive enough, with his sensitive, handsome face and his splendid accomplishments of music as well as mind.

BACHELORETTE PRINCES.

In his feeling for women Swinburne has echoed the unflattering sentiments of William Rufus, the red king of England, who preferred hunting to marrying, in spite of what usually controls even royal preferences in these cases—reasons of state. Red Rufus is one of the very few monarchs on record who snuffed his fingers at the matrimonial representations of his ministers, for kings, like clergymen, usually marry early.

The heir apparent to the throne of Italy seems likely to emulate the example of the Prince of Naples, who, after all of his parents' selections in prospective brides, has said he will marry when he loves, but as he voids courts and feminine society as much as possible, his selection of a wife is likely to be a very unusual one.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

But the Prince of Naples, like many another man who has never married, acknowledges not only the power, but the complete dereliction to one woman. She is his mother, and the most interesting feature in the study of bachelors is the degree to which the influence the mother has exerted in their lives. No man felt the maternal influence in a stronger degree than did that scientific bachelor, Sir Isaac Newton. He was an only child, and a peculiarly faithful one, and though Mrs. Newton lived quietly in her country home, and Sir Isaac a large part of the time in London, he obeyed, venerated and watched over her to the last hour of her life. Yet with that peculiar maternal selfishness, displayed under the guise of devotion, she frowned on every one of her son's attachments. At every suggestion of his marriage she wept and wrung her hands until he obediently resigned all thoughts of domestic bliss, and after her death found himself too old and too deeply absorbed in his scientific studies to change his mode of life.

Charles Lamb, the poet, was governed in nearly the same degree by his mother's preferences. Though he was wayward, eccentric, and willful, to a most painful extent, she remained his best friend, his father's wishes he chose to ignore, but his mother's he never disobeyed. At every suggestion of marriage he wept and wrung his hands until he obediently resigned all thoughts of domestic bliss, and after her death found himself too old and too deeply absorbed in his scientific studies to change his mode of life.

called imagination, who came and went at his bidding, and beside, he asked the "jest" as there was not La Belle Dame? "This was a pet name for his mother, to whom his devotion remained always most romantic and tender. No matter how merry the gathering might be, or how essential his presence, as a "black" of every evening Carol dipped off to his mother, set out the cards and table and spent a quiet hour amusing, teasing, delighting, the pretty old French lady.

Then there was Jean de Reszke, who had worked in the hair shop Corot had scorned, and with whom, from his first youth, he maintained a friendship. But the friendship never seemed to ripen to a warmer feeling, though the pretty, modest French girl refused all offers from other admiring swains. Every day she came and sat a while in the spacious studio, with a rather wistful expression in her eyes, and the handsome, sweet-tempered artist was to her always the Monsieur Camille of her youth. But Mademoiselle Reszke died a spinster and Corot lived a jolly bachelor to the last.

RESULT OF EARLY ROMANCES.

Charles Lamb very heroically sacrificed his matrimonial prospects for the sake of his sister Mary. The dream of a happy life with his first and only love, Anna, he set aside in order that he might nurse, amuse and work for the poor, insane sister on whom he lavished all the interest and tenderness which a man would otherwise have given to a wife and children.



Michael Angelo, Crown Prince of Italy.

Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, was the greatest of misogynists, as was Phillips Brooks, and as is the charming gentleman and naturalist, John Burroughs. With music, language and letters, Fitzgerald used to make himself entirely happy in his quiet country retreats. He loved once, and early in his life, was disappointed and ever afterward avoided the smiles of Cupid. No one was ever found quite bold enough to make any investigation into the cause of Bishop Brooks' celibacy. It was with him evidently the artist or the genius, for the carping details of domestic life exhaust finely tuned nerves and warm, delicate mental fiber. A genius who is contented with the quiet bachelor's chambers in London, entertaining and being entertained, and in spite of the witty, beautiful women about him, maintaining a state of celibacy, is a man like Mike Rose, there is a lady whom his friends suspect has never changed her name because of the old determination of the American artist to remain a bachelor.

CURIOUS HAPPENINGS.

Two Strange Coincidences in the Life of a Correspondent.

Notes and Queries.

The following, which happened to myself, is a strange coincidence. Before finally settling in England I spent over twenty years on the other side of the globe.

During that time I paid four short visits to England, and on each occasion I visited the grave of my father and mother, which is in a small village church remote from the railway, and some hundreds of miles from where I was my headquarters when in this country. The village has no clergyman, but is served by one residing four miles away.

OTHER DISTINGUISHED CELIBATES.

When some one asked a friend of Samuel J. Tilden why the wealthy statesman had never married, the prompt reply was he could never make up his mind. Though an ardent admirer of women and a staunch believer in the capacities of the feminine mind, he wavered, halted, considered and hesitated over every temptation to enter the holy bonds, and then retired each time, uncertain as to the wisdom of the step. These were not the only occasions on which indecision held him captive, for any other emergencies his conclusions were prompt and unalterable. He cultivated feminine friendship, was of rare wit and high mental cultivation never failed to receive his homage, and it was but a few years before his death that he openly confessed to a very deep attachment for a young and beautiful woman, but felt him too old to share her life and in his will

edily a matter of choice, for no romances are recorded of his school or college days, even by members of his family. Though married to his wife, he was devoted to his friends and his love for children was unbounded.

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LUCK AT MONTE CARLO.

Barney Barnato's Friends Win and Then Have a Good Time.

The Biblical aphorism that "whoever hath to him shall be given" has just been strikingly exemplified by the experience at Monte Carlo, where the late Frank Gardner, one of the multi-millionaire Barney Barnato's partners.

THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS.

How Indians From the West Were Mystified by the Telephone.

Major Pollock, who was superintendent of free delivery in the postoffice department under the last administration, was for some time stationed at an Indian reservation in the West, and was well and favorably known to the principal chiefs among the red men, as was an exchange. When they sent delegations to Washington to have pow-wow with the great father, the major's office was sure to be visited by them and they came sometimes in crowds.

How Perfume Is Collected.

In the collecting of perfume two processes are employed. In one, the grease process, boxes with glass bottoms are prepared, the bottoms being covered with putty, or oak, and the flowers, gathered fresh every day during the season, are laid on trays in the box, the grease being left to absorb their fragrance.

NOVELTIES FOR THE TABLE

Illuminated Ices Will Adorn Christmas Dinners.

FROM SOUP TO THE COFFEE

Some Dishes That Custom Decries Shall Be Served on That Day.

The Christmas dinner specialty supplied this year by confectioners comes in the form of illuminated ices. Electricity and tiny crystal-lamps are employed when a caterer arranges the holiday feast, but any hostess can contrive to serve illuminated ices at her Christmas dinner by using bed-room tapers.

For a large form, to be brought on in ceremony by the waitress when all the dining room lights are turned very low, a big block of ice must be the foundation. This could be hollowed out, turned down like a bell, and beneath it set, the instant before dessert is brought on, a couple of inch long tapers set abutting in a small tea cup. The best effect in arranging the ices is secured by cutting the foundation block in the form of a pyramid, with letting points here and there along the surface. If the pyramid is very large some three or four tapers will be needed for illumination inside, while without, on all the points of the icy mound, must be set frozen figures in ice cream, of whatever seems appropriate or convenient to serve at a Christmas dinner. The top of the pyramid should, of course, be surmounted by a blaze of light.

A BLAZING BOAR'S HEAD.

The confectioners show models to which they will make a whole series of Christmas tapers, each with a different design, in a quaint costume and every one with a little socket in the top of his head in which the smallest of colored candles will be placed at the moment of serving. Another capital model, for a Christmas dinner, is a half life-size boar's head, done in frozen vanilla cream. The eyes are colored glass with taper ends, and the ears, a wreath of holly circles the neck, and a rivulet of brandy, poured in a second broader dish set under the one holding the boar's head, burns brightly as the platter is carried once around the table before serving.

INEXPENSIVE CONFECTIONERY.

For an inexpensive, yet expensive, sometimes not available, and if the house-keeper is in something of a quandary as how best to supply her table with a simple pretty Christmas treat, let her try a peach pudding. This will require one ear of jar of preserved peaches, six eggs, three cups of milk, half a cup of powdered sugar, two tablespoons of corn starch, and one tablespoon of butter. Scald the milk, stir in the corn starch, wet with cold milk and cook, still stirring, until it thickens. Take from the fire and beat in the melted butter, then the yolks of three eggs and the whipped whites of two. Lastly add the sugar and whisk the whole up on a light cream. Drain all syrup from the peaches, lay them in a bake dish, pour over the mixture and set in the oven to bake. When spread with a mixture of the remaining whites and a little sugar, let this time to a light brown in the oven and serve the pudding hot, with peach juice for a sauce, or cold with cream.

A DELICATE SALAD.

After a heavy Christmas dinner a meat salad is best replaced by one of tomatoes and celery that is neither difficult nor expensive. One can of tomatoes should be stewed with a pinch of salt for a few moments, then strained and the red juice squeezed out. To this add a little lemon juice and a little sugar. The tomatoes can be put in a mould to form, or merely left to cool and settle in a salad bowl, head cover it with a light cream, drain all syrup from the peaches, lay them in a bake dish, pour over the mixture and set in the oven to bake. When spread with a mixture of the remaining whites and a little sugar, let this time to a light brown in the oven and serve the pudding hot, with peach juice for a sauce, or cold with cream.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOSS.

She Had One in Mrs. Mussen, Housekeeper at Balmoral.

Queen Victoria's last years sustained a severe loss by the death of Mrs. Mussen, who, from time immemorial, had been her housekeeper at Balmoral. Though unknown to the public at large, she was an important personage in the eyes of everybody connected with the court, as she was one of the few who had the courage to "talk up" to her majesty, and even on occasion to deliberately "boast" her august mistress.

GAVE HIMSELF UP TO DIE.

Surrender of an Indian Just in Time for Buffalo Express.

A Choctaw executioner possessed of some very interesting features occurred a short time ago at Fort Smith. Folsom, I think, was the name of the victim. He died like a hero.

CIGARETTES AND INSANITY.

Hospital Superintendent Says They Are Closely Related.

Dr. Benjamin Blackford, the able superintendent of the Western State Hospital at Staunton, Va., in his annual report to the board of directors of that institution, says: "To a great extent the increase of insanity may be attributed to the pernicious habit of smoking cigarettes, which is now so prevalent among and undermining the moral, physical and mental health of the youth of our country during the period of youth and development, when the brain is tender and plastic, and easily affected by the noxious inhalations issuing through and around the nerve centers."

Arizona Prison System.

It is doubtless a delicate recognition of the inalienable rights of the ruling race in that region that causes the warden of the county jail at Phoenix, Ariz., to put the Mexican prisoners on the lower floor and reserve the upper story for American prisoners. There are now seventeen prisoners in the jail, thirteen Mexicans and the rest Americans. The latter have the upper story entirely to themselves. This is in the region where a little while ago it was customary to speak of so many white men and so many Mexicans, or as one miner put it in the case of a mining accident, the loss was "seven souls and five Mexicans."

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For Full Box of 12 Washington Belle Cigars—a good Xmas smoke, worth 60c. Monday only 19c.

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For a Dozen of Plaid Fringed Linen Napkins, worth 60c. Monday only 21c.

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overheard by a near relative of Folsom, who, with flashing eyes, answered: "When a Folsom gives his word, he keeps it. You can count on that. He'll be here on time."

As if to prove the truth of the assertion, some one said, "He has come."

Just then young Folsom rode up. He was mounting, he hitched his horse to a bare-thorn bush, and then, walking up to the sheriff, announced that he was ready. He was permitted to select his own executioner and named his cousin, who was present. Everything being in readiness, Folsom took a letter from his pocket, tore off a small portion of the envelope, and then, buttoning up his coat, pinned this piece of paper on the outside of his coat immediately over his heart. This was the target at which his cousin was to fire.

With hands clasped behind his back, he stood facing the man he had chosen to kill him. A sharp report rang out. The white paper, with a bullet hole in the center, was stained with blood, and Folsom lay dying. In two minutes life was extinct.

He was a murderer, but his high sense of honor and bravery almost caused that fact to be forgotten. His relatives had a coffin ready, and the remains of the young Choctaw were hurried away for burial. The admiring spectators mounted their horses and rode away. They had witnessed one of the coolest and most business-like shootings that ever occurred anywhere, whether prompted by the mandates of law or by the anger of man.

The morning of the day for Folsom's shooting arrived. A large number of men had gathered at that spot to see the tragedy enacted. It was near a barbershop in the wilds of the Choctaw Nation, and fifty horses were hitched to the bushes around the place where the shooting was to take place. The hour set for the execution was 10 o'clock. It was near that time, but Folsom had not yet put in an appearance. The man who was to play the leading part in the tragedy was not there. An incredulous white man, who did not believe that a man's word could be sufficiently binding to cause him to come forth voluntarily to be killed, expressed some doubt as to the condemned man's coming at all. His remarks were

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